

VOICES OF THE SUMMER



AL JENKIN

Etched by Stewart Hammett

VOICES OF THE SUMMER

POEMS SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF
BYRON, SHELLEY, DRAYTON,
KEATS, DORA GREENWELL
ROGERS, ETC.

Illustrated with Sixteen Full-page Etchings after Original Drawings
By Sir J. E. MILLAIS, J. W. M^WHIRTER
CHARLES SMART, and Others

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I. . .

O BEAUTIFUL GREEN GRASS!

BY CHARLES MACKAY

With Illustration by ALFRED WILSON

Etched by H. LEASK

❶ Beautiful Green Grass!

HERE let me rest amid the bearded grass,
Sprinkled with buttercups, and idly pass
One hour of sunshine on the green hill slope,
Watching the ridged clouds that o'er the cope
Of visible heaven sail quietly along ;
Listening the wind, or rustling leaves, or song
Of blackbird, or sweet ringdove in the copse
Of pines and sycamores, whose dark green tops
Form a clear outline right against the blue :
Here let me lie and dream, losing from view
All vexed and worldly things, and for one hour
Living such life as green leaf in a bower
Might live ! breathing the calm pure air,
Heedless of hope, or fear, or joy, or care.

O beautiful green grass ! Earth-covering fair !
What shall be sung of thee, nor bright, nor rare,
Nor highly thought of ? Long green grass that waves
By the wayside, over the ancient graves,
Or shoulders of the mountain looming high,
Or skulls of rocks, bald in their majesty,
Except for thee, that in the crevices
Liv'st on the nurture of the sun and breeze ;
Adorner of the nude rude breast of hills,
Mantle of meadows, fringe of gushing rills,
Humblest of all the humble, thou shalt be,
If to none else, exalted unto me,
And for a time, a type of joy on earth—
Joy unobtrusive, of perennial birth,
Common as light and air, and warmth and rain,
And all the daily blessings that in vain
Woo us to gratitude ; the earliest born
Of all the juicy verdures that adorn
The fruitful bosom of the kindly soil ;
Pleasant to eyes that ache and limbs that toil.

CHARLES MACKAY.





II.

THE MOONLIT SHORE

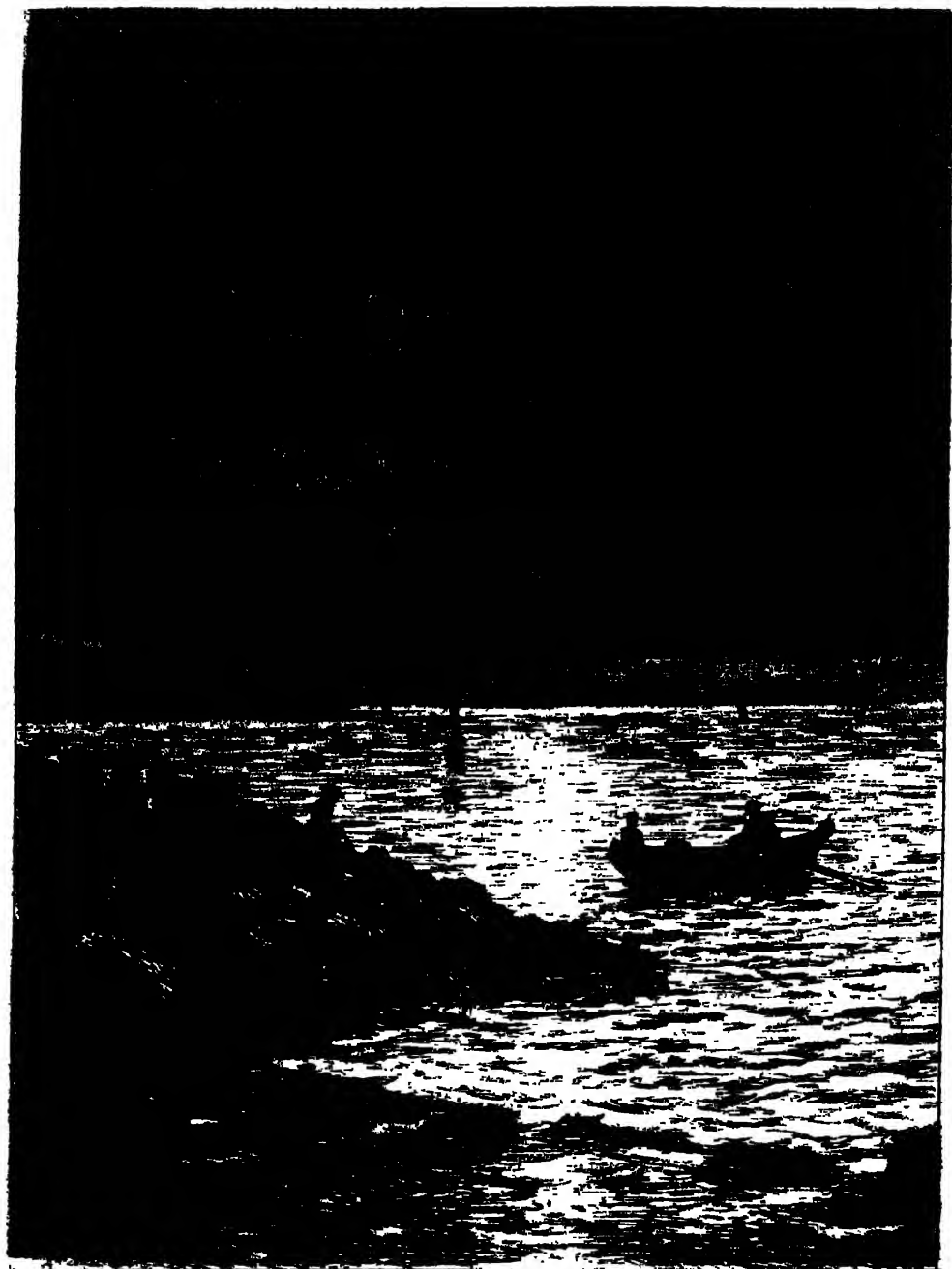
BY SARA WILLIAMS

With Illustration drawn and etched by J. H. TARBET

The Moonlit Shore

**RIPPLE of waves upon the moonlit shore,
Chiming of voices silent evermore,
Shining of summer light on southern seas,
Murmur of doves among the forest trees,
Perfume of growing vines and clover lea,
Scent, sound, and sight, they all come back to me—
All of delight my life hath ever known,
Gathered and scattered in one dulcet tone.**

SARA WILLIAMS.





III.

. A SEASON ATWEEN
JUNE AND MAY

BY JAMES THOMPSON

With Illustration from Drawing by BIRKET FOSTER

Etched by J. MACPHERSON

A Season atween June and May

**It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground,
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.**

**Was nought around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest
From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant green
Where never yet was creeping creature seen,
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
And hurled everywhere these waters sheen,
That as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.**

**Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale ;
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stockdoves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep,
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.**

THOMPSON.





IV. • •

SOLITUDE

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY

With Illustration from Drawing by W. P. BURTON

Etched by J. H. TARBET

Solitude

HAIL, old patrician trees, so great and good !
Hail, ye plebeian underwood !
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muse's richest manor-seat !
Ye country houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature ! the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamelled bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah ! wretched and too solitary he
Who loves not his own company !
He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear 't away.

COWLEY.



J. H. Tarbet Sc

W. P. Burton Del



V.

THE SEASHORE

By BYRON

With Illustration by HENRY MAYOR

Etched by H. LEASK

The Seashore

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
THERE is a rapture on the lonely shore,
THERE is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar !
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelted, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise,
Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers ; they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

BYRON.





VI.

THE PINE FOREST

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

With Illustration from Drawing by J. W. NORTH

Etched by H. LEASK

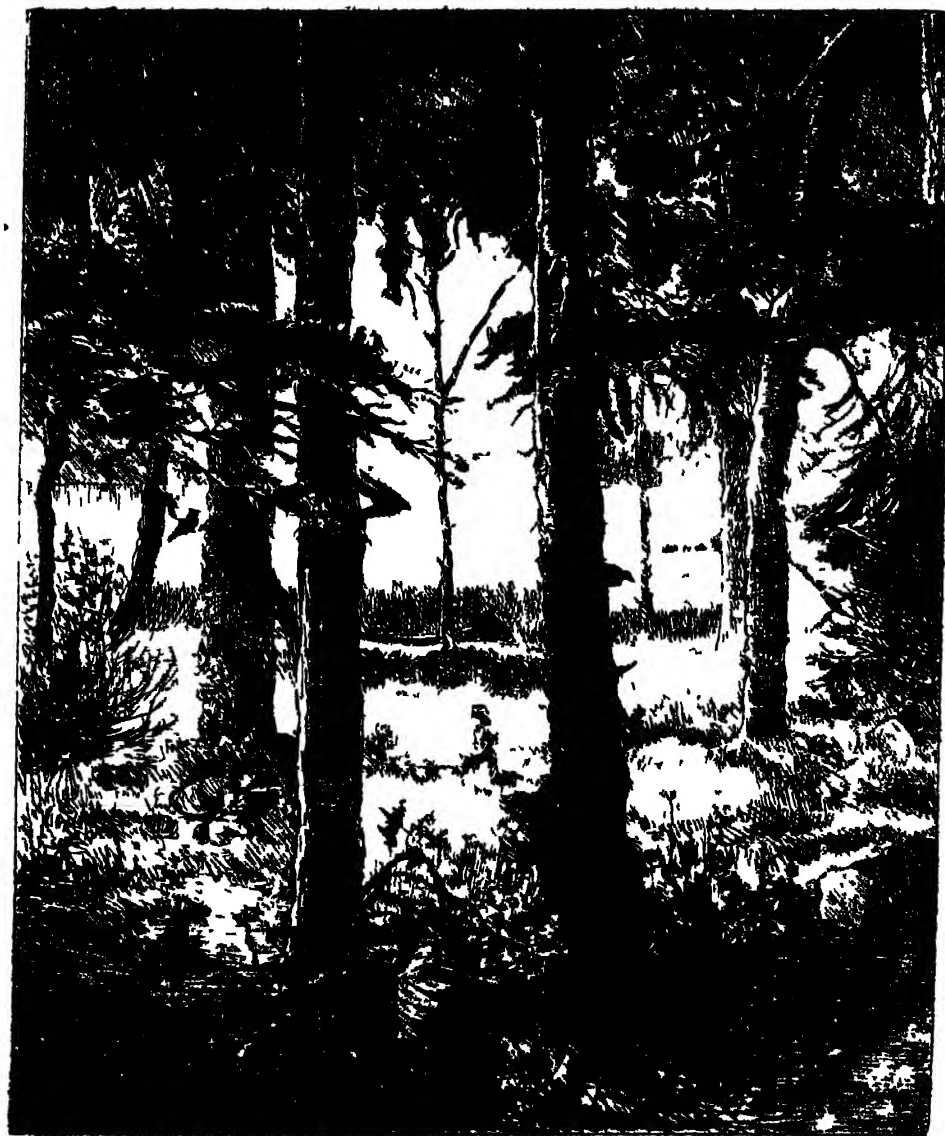
The Pine Forest

**We wandered to the pine forest
That skirts the ocean foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay ;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise.**

**We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced.
And soothed by every azure breath
That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own.
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.**

**How calm it was !—the silence there
By such a chain was bound,
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness ;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew.
There seemed, from the remotest seat
Of the wide mountain waste,
To the soft flower beneath our feet
A magic circle traced :
A spirit interfused around,
A thrilling silent life,
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife ;—
And still, I felt, the centre of
The magic circle there
Was one fair form, that filled with love
The lifeless atmosphere.**

SHELLEY.



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VII.

THE STREAMLET

By JOHN KEATS

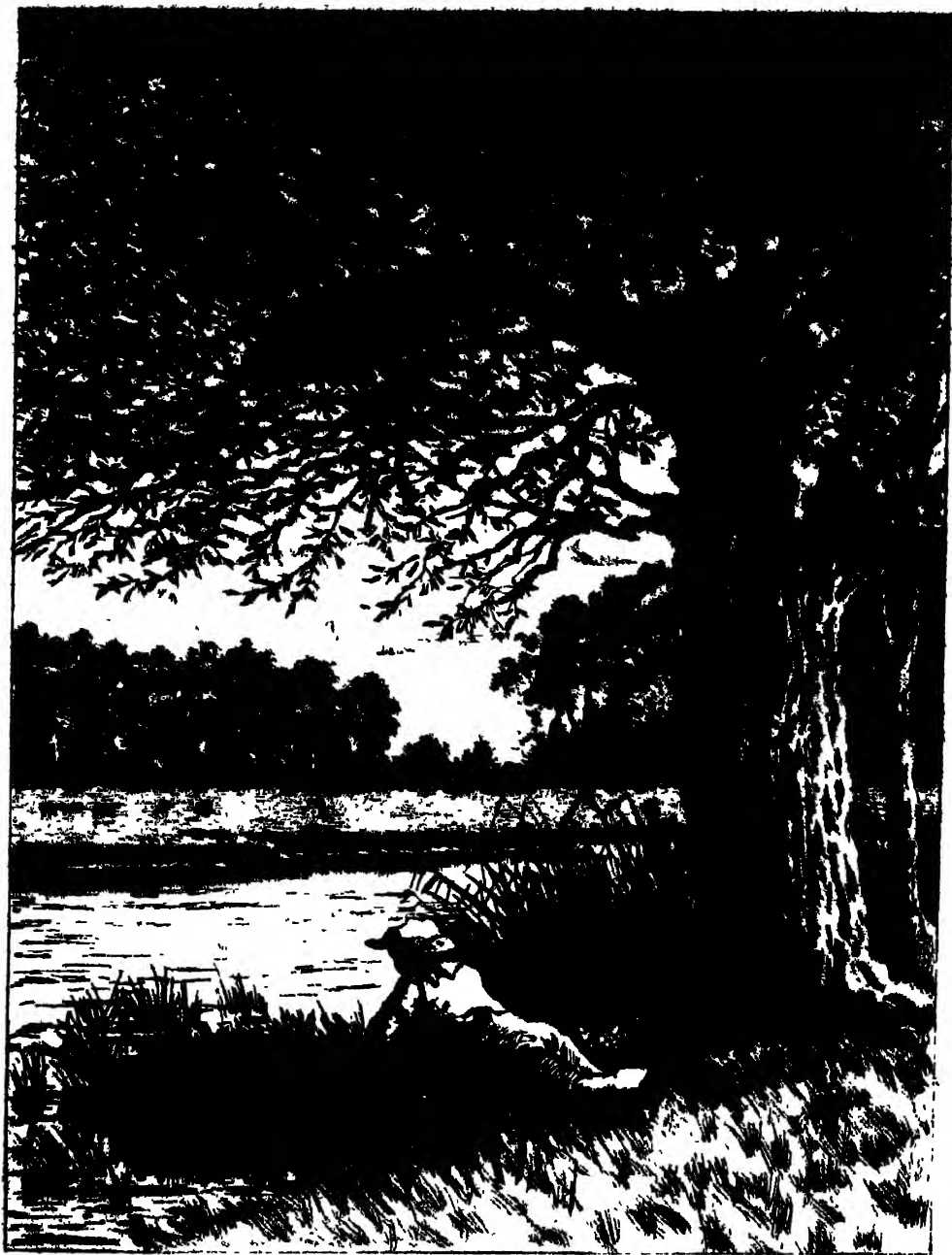
With Illustration drawn and etched by J. H. TARBET

The Streamlet

LINGER awhile upon some bending planks,
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings :
They will be found softer than ring-doves' cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend !
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging sallows : blades of grass
Slowly across the chequered shadows pass.
Why, you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds ;
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Tempered with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand !
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That every instant not one will remain ;
But turn your eye, and they are there again.
The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
And cool themselves among the emerald tresses ;
The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
And moisture, that the bowery green may live ;
So keeping up an interchange of favours,
Like good men in the truth of their behaviours.
Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
From low-hung branches ; little space they stop,
But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek ;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak ;
Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.
Were I in such a place, I sure should pray
That nought less sweet might call my thoughts away
Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown
Fanning away the dandelion's down ;
Than the light music of her nimble toes
Patting against the sorrel as she goes.

* * * * *

KEATS.



§ H Tarbet



VIII.

THE MELODIES OF
MORNING

BY JAMES BEATTIE

With Illustration from Drawing by JOHN PETTIE

Etched by H. LEASK

The Melodies of Morning

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;
The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide ;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark ;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and, hark !
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings ;
Through rustling corn the hare, astonished, springs ;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour ;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

JAMES BEATTIE.





IX.

THE SCENT OF HAY AT
NIGHT

By SYDNEY DOBELL

With Illustration by PERCY REEVE

Etched by H. LEASK

The Scent of Hay at Night

THERE went an incense through the land one night,
Through the hushed holy land where tired men slept.
The haughty sun of June had walked, long days,
Through the tall pastures, which, like mendicants,
Hung their sear heads and sued for rain ; and He
Had thrown them none. And now it was high hay-time.
Through the sweet valley all her flowery wealth
At once lay low, at once ambrosial blood
Cried to the moonlight from a thousand fields,
And through the land the incense went that night,
Through the hushed holy land where tired men slept.
It fell upon the sage, who with his lamp
Put out the light of heaven. He felt it come,
Sweetening the musty tones, like the fair shape
Of that one blighted love, which from the past
Steals oft among his mouldering thoughts of wisdom,
And *she* came with it, borne on the airs of youth ;
Old days sang round her, old memorial days,
She crowned with tears, they dressed in flowers all faded—
And the night fragrance is a harmony
All through the old man's soul. Voices of old,
The home, the church upon the village green,
Old thoughts that circle like the birds of even
Round the grey spire. Soft, sweet regrets, like the sunset
Lighting old windows with gleams day had not.
Ghosts of dead years, whispering old silent names
Through grass-grown pathways, by halls mouldering now.
Childhood—the fragrance of forgotten fields ;
Manhood—the unforgotten fields whose fragrance
Passed like a breath ; the time of buttercups,
The fluttering time of sweet forget-me-nots ;
The time of passion and the rose—the hay-time
Of that last summer of hope ! The old man weeps,
The old man weeps.
His aimless hand the joyless book puts by ;
As one that dreams and fears to wake, the sage
With vacant eyes stifles the trembling taper,
Lies in the moonlight, and for once is wise.
There went an incense through the midnight land,
Through the hushed holy land where tired men slept.
It fell upon a simple cottage child,
Laid where the lattice opened on the sky,
And she looked up and said, 'Those flowers, the stars,
Smell sweet to-night.' God rest her ignorance.

SYDNEY DOBELL.





X.

FAR FROM THE MADDING
CROWD

BY HENRY ALFORD

With Illustration by CHARLES SMART

Etched by S. L. STEPHENS

Far from the Madding Crowd

I HAVE found peace in the bright earth,
And in the sunny sky ;
By the low voice of summer seas,
And where streams murmur by.

I find it in the quiet tone
Of voices that I love ;
By the flickering of a twilight fire,
And in a leafless grove.

I find it in the silent flow
Of solitary thought ;
In calm, half-meditated dreams,
And reasonings self-taught.

But seldom have I found such peace,
As in the soul's deep joy
Of passing onward, free from harm,
Through every day's employ.

If gems we seek we only tire,
And lift our hopes too high ;
The constant flowers that line our way
Alone can satisfy.

ALFORD.



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XI.

• THE SWEETEST SOUNDS

By DORA GREENWELL

With Illustration by PHILIP PARRY

Etched by JOHN FARQUHARSON

The Sweetest Sounds

A SPIRIT rests upon our earth, abiding, though unseen
Its soft and gleaming wing may be, we know where it hath been ;
We hear no sound of rushing plumes, yet feel them where they pass,
O'er waving boughs and bursting buds, and light upspringing grass.

And we discern in earth and sky, in all familiar things,
A sense, a subtle influence, we know not whence it springs !
A gentle presence looks on us with pure and loving face,
A mother yearns to fold her sons within a kind embrace.

Oh ! she is bountiful and rich in costly things and rare,
But her sweetest, dearest blessings spring like lilies without care ;
The sun that shines o'er good and ill, the gentle rains that fall,
These are but types of what she gives—a heritage for all.

And many a humble garden owns the flowers we love the best,
Whose aspects weave a gentle spell by every heart confest ;
Where glowing Pink and queen-like Rose in burning colours vie,
And the pale-blossomed Lilac breathes a summer on its sigh.

Within the palaces of wealth the song and dance are found,
The Viol and the Harp are there, the Lute with silver sound ;
But Summer sends upon the air a yet more pleasant tune,
The slow, sweet murmurs of the bee, the melodies of June ;

Dim, forest rustlings, light and low, the water's lulling fall,
The song of birds, the Ringdove's plaint, more sad, more sweet than all ;
In one deep hymn the mighty winds, the chiming billows blend,
And in a ceaseless harmony unto their Lord ascend.

Yet there are sweeter sounds than these !—the music of the heart
That breathes through greetings and farewells when kindred meet and part ;
Kind voices loved in olden days, that bear upon their tone
A message from the happy Past and all that it hath known.

DORA GREENWELL.



Dr. L. H. Fy. John Jorgensen



XII.

THE DAY OF REST

BY JAMES GRAHAM

With Illustration from Drawing by J. M'WHIRTER

Etched by H. LEASK

The Day of Rest

How still the morning of the hallowed day !
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with faded flowers,
That yester morn bloomed waving in the breeze ;
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas
The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale,
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen ;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dovelike wings peace o'er yon village broods ;
The dizzying mill-wheel rests ; the anvil's din
Hath ceased ; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops and looks back, and stops, and looks on man
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large ;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
But, chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.

JAMES GRAHAM.





XIII.

THE PLEASURES OF
MEMORY

BY SAMUEL ROGERS

With Illustration by JAMES BROWNE

Etched by H. LEASK

The Pleasures of Memory

As through the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove !
How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,
We watched the emmet to her grainy nest ;
Welcomed the wild bee home on weary wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring :
How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive rhyme,
The bark now silvered by the touch of Time ;
Soared in the swing, half pleased, and half afraid,
Thro' sister elms that waved their summer shade ;
Or strewed with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat.

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,—
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green.
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live !
Clothed with far softer hues than Light can give.
Thou first, best friend, that Heaven assigns below
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know ;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm ;

The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses grey,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn ;
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs at every step to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here ;
And not the lightest leaf but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams.

SAMUEL ROGERS.





XIV.

ONCE MORE WHO WOULD
NOT BE A BOY?

BY BYRON

With Illustration from Drawing by Sir J. E. MILLAIS

Etched by CHARLES SMART

Once more who would not be a Boy?

He that has sailed upon the dark blue sea
Has viewed at times, I ween, a full fair sight ;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sails set, the gallant frigate tight,
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailor wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.
The moon is up ; by Heaven a lovely eve !
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand ;
Now lads on the shore may sigh, and maids believe ;
Such be our fate when we return to land !
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love :
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measure featly move
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.

* * * * *

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel
We have once loved, though love is at an end :
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.
Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
When Youth itself survives young Love and joy ?
Alas ! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy !
Ah, happy years ! once more who would not be a boy ?

BYRON.





· XV.

SUMMER'S EVE

By MICHAEL DRAYTON

With Illustration from Drawing by BIRKET FOSTER

Etched by H. LEASK

Summer's Eve

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,
All chequered was the sky,
Thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,
Veiled heaven's most glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength that this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss,
That closely by it grew.

The flowers, like brave embroidered girls,
Looked as they most desired,
To see whose head with orient pearls
Most curiously was tired.

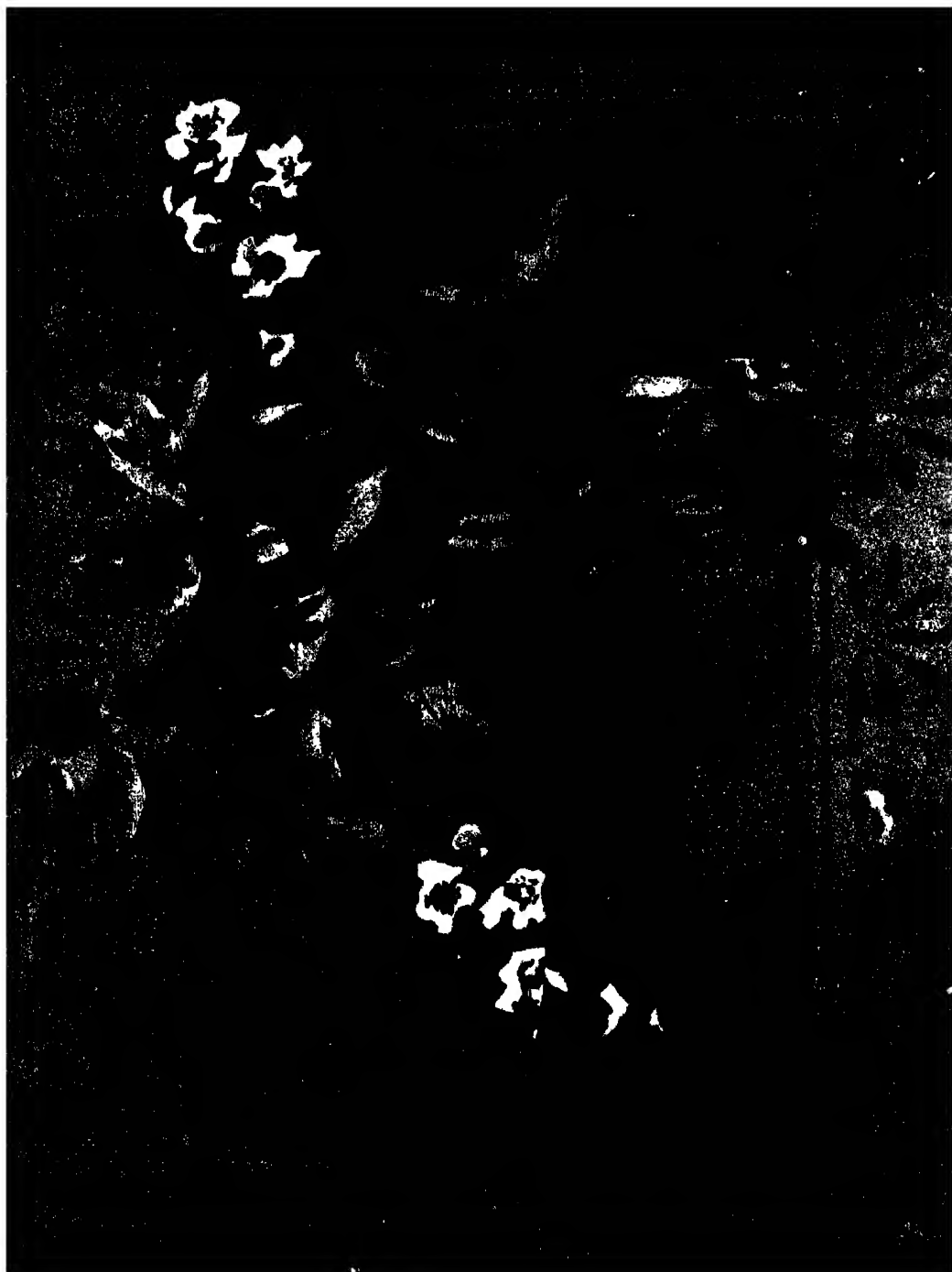
The rills that on the pebbles played
Might now be heard at will ;
This world the only music made,
Else everything was still.

And to itself the subtle air
Such sovereignty assumes,
That it received too large a share
From Nature's rich perfumes.

M. DRAYTON.



A. Foster



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